
P O E M S

CN

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY A LADY.

EDINBURGH.

1797.



POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

AN ODE TO EVENING.

HIGH on a rocky cliff I stand,
O'erhanging far the sea-beat strand.
Here let me tune my humble lyre;
For sure, if ought could e'er inspire,
This hour this scene must ever prove
Grateful to Poetry and Love.
The eastern hills are vail'd in shade,
And silence now pervades the glade;
Save that with measur'd pace each wave
The whiten'd sands unceasing lave,
Or that some distant rural sound
Echoes among the hills around:

But when that sound, by soft degrees,
In murmurs mingles with the breeze,
The breeze, which oft to Fancy's ear
Conveys a voice that wakes a tear,
Returning silence sweeter seems,
And raises softer, tenderer dreams.
O'er the smooth surface of the deep,
Each ruder wind lies hush'd to sleep :
Through fleecy clouds pale moon-beams glance,
And swiftly lead their airy dance,
Wand'ring from rocks to woods and vales,
Now silv'ring o'er yon distant fails,
Which on the main, with crested pride,
In state majestic slowly glide.
Where the bright sun its course did steer,
There gilded purple clouds appear :
But see ! their colours change and fly,
As Night's grey mantle veils the sky ;
True image of our fading joys,
Which every passing hour destroys.

Mark to the left, where spreading trees depend,
Whose ancient branches ven'rably bend,
There is a place of rest, where pain will cease,
And sublunary ills be lull'd to peace :
Ah ! there, perhaps, beneath yon aged stone,
With grass and ivy now almost o'ergrown,
All that was blest'd in life lies mould'ring there ;
Sad proof how vain our ev'ry worldly care !
Not e'en what costly marble can proclaim,
Will from oblivion snatch the hero's fame :
For, like this humble stone, it owns the sway
Of ruthless Time, and moulders in decay,
Or soon or late is pass'd unheeded by,
Nor claims deserved praise, nor Pity's sigh.
Not so in heaven : for actions great or fair,
In angels records live immortal there.
From the cold tomb the passions will retreat,
The throbbing heart will then no longer beat ;
For there our fond affections must subside,
And death our dearest ties, alas ! divide.

Ah! fadd'ning thought, which to despair controuls
And damps devotion in the purest souls,
Go, leave my aching breast, nor e'er obtrude
A fancied ill so drear, so wildly rude ;
No, as I view yon azure spangl'd sky,
Such gloomy images then quickly fly,
And Hope still whispers, that affection's given
To pass refin'd in happiness to heaven.
Ah! brilliant Hope, celestial maid !
Without thy ever welcome aid,
Sunk in a dark abyss of woe,
Uncheer'd, my gloomy days would flow ;
But, while illumin'd by thy rays,
Around with placid eye I gaze,
And view each well-known object o'er
That oft has calm'd my mind before :
For like Sol's glowing beams that chase
Thick vapours from the mountain's face,
Thy bright'ning aspect drives Despair away,
And shows through Sorrow's mist a fairer day.

Those hills, these plains, that crystal stream,
Shall ever be my favourite theme :
But best I love yon woods among,
At evening hour to pour my song ;
For there Remembrance fondly dwells,
And every tree some story tells,
That never, sure, can cease to be
The source of tender thought to me :
And there I'll write such lays as these ;
For artless lines have pow'r to please.
What though unskill'd, they yet impart
The soften'd feelings of the heart,
Yielding a pensive, pleasing charm,
That piercing grief can oft disarm,
And mellow to a dulcet tone,
Which Happiness might call her own.

TO IMPATIENCE.

WHY turn to pain a promis'd pleasure,
By thinking moments long as hours,
Which keeps us from the hop'd-for treasure,
Too often cloying once 'tis ours.

Ah! let us wisely taste of bliss
In fondest dreams that Fancy gives,
Nor for possession idly wish;
'Tis in our minds each blessing lives.

But weak indeed is Reason's pow'r,
When Passion throbs thro' all the heart;
Impatient then it waits the hour
That will the wish'd-for joy impart.

Philosophy must e'er prove vain
To calm the tumult Hope endures;
But Reason may at least restrain
And sooth the pain it never cures.

MORNING.

NOW Morn appears with aspect gay,
For spring her step attends ;
But hateful still to me is day :
'Tis night the wretch befriends.

Ah ! sweet illusions of the night
Return, and with thee bring
What is more pleasing to my sight
Than all the charms of spring.

In vain for me those charms appear ;
All Nature blooms in vain ;
But welcome is each vision dear
Which can beguile my pain.

Thus have I seen some hapless bird
Its lost companion mourn,
The plaintive note by Echo heard
Along the waters borne.

The little mourner hears the sound
With rapturous delight,
Now fondly thinks its love is found,
And quickens now its flight.

Sudden it sees a form appear,
Reflected in the waves;
But when, alas! it thinks 'tis near,
His breast the water laves.

For still the luring shadow flies,
The shadow call'd in vain,
Till by degrees the image dies,
When darkness veils the main.

Thus all the joys we taste below,
Are shadows in a stream:
Reality, alas! is woe,
And Happiness a dream.

EVENING.

NOW Evening's vail of sable hue
Yon distant hill o'er spreads,
Tho' Sol's last beam that's still in view
A trembling lustre sheds.

Here on the nearer vale below,
The vale with beauty fraught,
It lights the stream which, murmuring low,
Awakes the pensive thought.

This is the hour to Fancy kind,
To fond Remembrance given,
Which calms and elevates the mind,
And lifts it e'en to Heaven.

Oft at the close of summer days,
When Nature sinks to soft repose,
My soul with gratitude repays
The debt of blessings that it owes.

Sure never heart so callous grown
But what must heave a gentle sigh,
And Evening's soothing charm must own
Which steals the tear from Sorrow's eye.

Sure never heart, that knew to feel
Refined enjoyments such as these,
From sensibility would steal
One pang to gain insipid ease.

But if there are who form such prayers,
And fond extremes would fain resign,
The calm of apathy be theirs,
The pleasing pang be always mine.

FALSE and faithless as thou art,
Alas! you still possess my heart;
Nor e'er can time efface
The thought of joys which now are flown,
Tho' with them ev'ry hope is gone,
Which sooths keen sorrow's trace.

Whate'er appearances may be,
In secret still I sigh for thee,
And mourn that I'm forgot:
Thy fragile vows, to me still dear,
Are still remember'd with a tear,
But yet, whate'er my lot.

May all thy life with pleasure teem,
May every sun's revolving beam
Bring health and joy to thee;
And lest remorse thy heart should gain,
Ah! may you never know the pain
Which you have caus'd to me.

Where Happiness, celestial maid,
With sprightly Fancy ever sway'd
O'er Sorrow's gloomy power,
There Melancholy sits, confest
Queen of my soul, for now unblest
Is each sad lingering hour.

S O N G.

TRANSIENT are the golden sun-beams
In a varying April day ;
Transient all Youth's flattering dreams:
But love is more so still than they.

Go fix the zephyr as it flies,
Or light that leads the swain astray,
Or tints which paint fair summer skies,
As easy fix'd as love are they.

ON THE SWALLOW.

THE balmy gale of summer's o'er ;
Sweet Philomel enchants no more,
But every drooping flower
Shrinks at th' approach of chilling winds,
And the poor Swallow oft reminds
To fly the wint'ry hour.

Ah ! happy bird ! who feels no pain,
Save from the cold, or beating rain,
Whom innocence makes blest ;
Who knows no doubts, nor anxious cares,
Whose breast no dubious future fears,
Nor jealous pangs molest.

You seek in warmer climes that bliss,
Which cold deprives you of in this,
And find in change of place
All that you seek ; while I, alas !
Must through life's various seasons pass,
Nor hope to find solace.

For ah ! no flower which decks the vale,
No perfume wafted with the gale,
Can ease my wounded soul :
They can the happy only please ;
Vain are to me such joys as these,
That ne'er the mind console.

Or if a passing joy they give,
A joy which in a sigh does live,
And in a tear expires,
It only wakes each painful thought :
The bliss by keen regret is bought,
With all its vain desires.

Go, then, and taste thy guiltless joys,
Which no remorse or grief alloys ;
Go, leave me to my doom,
To feel the north wind keenly blow,
View the rude mountain torrents flow,
And woo congenial gloom.

I'll calmly view night's meteor's glare,
While fearful omens flit in air,
And mock the tempest wild ;
Court the bleak wint'ry howling storm,
Till Fancy paints some friendly form,
By wishes quite beguil'd.

A form which then will seem to hear
My plaintive tale, and mourn the tear
That I am doom'd to shed ;
Imagin'd pity sooths the heart,
And can a short-liv'd joy impart,
Though lasting comfort's fled.

Then homewards, penfive, I'll return,
In softer accents gently mourn,
Weep all past pleasures o'er.
Yet though I am bereft of rest,
Still gratitude will warm my breast :
And when the whirlwinds roar,

Then will I wish thee safe, sweet bird !
Thee, whose lov'd voice so oft I've heard
 With transports of delight,
When, gay attendant on the spring,
This way you bent your annual wing,
 And charm'd my infant fight.

By ushering in each early flower,
That oft I pluck'd at evening hour,
 When blest with soft content :
No future care my mind employ'd ;
The present, then, was still enjoy'd,
 And still in bliss was spent.

Far different now the moments fly ;
Reflection heaves th' incessant sigh,
 And weeps o'er Pleasure's urn :
Now Prudence points out every ill,
Bestows the power, but not the will,
 Her frigid rules to learn.

In vain she beckons from afar,
'Tis like the glim'ring of a star,
Which breaks beneath a cloud;
So hard her blessings to obtain,
So small proportion'd to the pain,
Such mists her brightness shroud.

Like you, my little, harmless friend,
Nor courtier I, nor e'er will bend,
And, fetter'd, not complain.
Let others boast her magic charm,
Which guards them from all worldly harm;
Yet still they wear a chain.

No! I will rather, free as air,
By soft oblivion banish care,
Elude misfortune's stroke.
But, ah! my silly heart, beware;
Thy wish but lures to Fancy's snare,
And bids thee own her yoke.

C

Though sometimes form'd of flow'ry bands,
They fade when touch'd by Sorrow's hands,
Then fable liv'ries wear,
More fickle than the rainbow's dye,
Like it they change, as quickly fly
To join their kindred air.

A diff'rent path I must pursue ;
A path of thorns, but still in view
There's Victory crowning Toil.
And meek-ey'd Patience holds the palm,
For ev'ry ill a healing balm,
That not e'en Time can spoil.

But, gentle Swallow, see yon sky
With gloomy aspect bids thee fly
To climes where Spring's begun.
Happy's thy lot, compar'd to our's ;
For oft Misfortune's cloud that low'rs,
We see, but cannot shun.

ANSWER

TO "SAY, NANCY, WILL YOU GO WITH ME?"

YES, I will go with thee, my love,
And leave all else without a sigh;
Through the wide world with thee I'd rove,
Nor feel one pang, if thou art nigh.
No costly gems, nor courtly scenes,
Have now the smallest charms for me;
My heart to purer pleasure leans,
And all its joys depend on thee.

When far away from natal shores,
And seas divide me from each friend,
One look from him my soul adores,
Will courage and fresh vigour lend.
The parching ray, or wintry wind,
E'en woman's softness knows to scorn;
True passion leaves all fears behind,
And from the rose it plucks each thorn

Then can you doubt my constant love,
Or can you think I'd fly thy arms?
Ah! give me but the pow'r to prove
That those are vain, unjust alarms:
For sure the flame that gently fann'd
At first beneath a summer's sky,
Will with redoubled force expand,
When ruder winds approach it nigh.

The lonely cot in desert drear,
The russet gown and frugal board,
Will greater pleasures far appear,
Than all that lux'ries here afford.
The gay, the busy glitt'ring throng,
And baneful flatt'ry I'll resign:
To courts and cities these belong,
But not to Truth and Love like mine

And when, at last, this life is o'er,
When sickness baffles all my care,

When fairy Hope can cheat no more,

Then, Cupid, hear thy vot'ry's pray'r.

My weeping eyes in pity close,

E'er they behold my lover's death :

Ah ! spare my tears, my hopelefs woes,

And join with his, my parting breath.

ON SEEING SOME WITHERED ROSES THROWN AWAY.

THESE fading flowers too well impart
A mournful lesson to my heart.
You pluck'd them beauteous, gay and fair,
Their perfume scented all the air,
And fill'd each passing gale :
Now withering, languid, almost dead,
Their freshness and their beauty fled,
Their colour sickly pale.
You throw them with disgust away,
And as you throw them, seem to say,
Go, useless flowers, you please no more,
Your fascinating charms are o'er :
Ah ! what do charms avail !

But had you wisely kept the flower,
Beyond the limits of an hour,
You might its sweetness have retain'd,
And thence have useful morals gain'd,

More eloquent than speech.

For, ah ! full many a fragrant rose
Is lost, through ignorance in those
That ne'er its merits reach ;
Who ne'er below a surface scan'd,
Pluck flowers with idle, wanton hand ;
And when their beauty once is flown,
To them their ev'ry charm seems gone ;
But much to me they teach.

For their sad fate, that heart must prove,
Which hopes from thine eternal love,
Allur'd alone by Beauty's power,
Which is impair'd by ev'ry hour,
Thy love must soon decrease.
Then, Reason, at thy shrine I bow,
Receive a contrite convert now,
From grief my foul release ;
Oblivion bring to calm the pain,

Else all thy pow'rs will prove but vain ;
Then pluck the dart still rankling here,
Wipe off the yet impassion'd tear,
And turn my heart to peace.

ON SUSPENCE.

SOME demon, sure, with vengeful breast,
Envious of joy, and peaceful rest,
Conceiv'd thy all terrific form,
And nursed thee 'mid the wildest storm ;
Where mild content with halcyon eye,
Nor pity's sympathetic sigh,
Their virtues could to thee impart,
Or soften thy obdurate heart.
Furies presided at thy birth,
And sent thee to infest the earth,
Full fraught with ev'ry various ill
Which could their dire resolves fulfil.

Thy province is t'embitter life,
To wake the passions still to strife,
By fears that blight Hope's opening flower,
And sweetest blessings know to four.
The evils which are in thy train
Are greater far than certain pain ;
E'en Sorrow's self, compar'd to thee,
Seems peace and soft tranquillity.

A PRAYER.

OH Thou! whose power o'er all extends,
Whom all alike adore,
Low on the dust thy creature bends,
And dares thy grace implore.

Give to my mind contentment still,
Whate'er thou mayest ordain ;
Let resignation to thy will,
Sooth e'en severest pain.

Make me to think each pang on earth
Is transient as each joy.
The sun, which gives the floweret birth,
May soon that flower destroy.

Let me not, therefore, be elate,
Though Thou should'st bliss bestow ;
But teach me never to forget
From whence those blessings flow.

When on this world of trials, Thou
Almighty power command
To me my share ; then make me bow
Submissive to thy hand.

In beds of snow the purple flowers
Their tender blossoms rear :
The fruitful earth, from winter showers,
Bestows the plenteous year.

A seeming ill for real good
Thy wisdom can ordain ;
So, though by me not understood,
Yet may I ne'er complain.

Oh Thou ! who, when the wretched call,
Lends mercy's gentle ear,
And ev'n ordain'ft a sparrow's fall :—
Let me not idly fear.

In perils, if I chance to be,
Though terror should affail;
Then may I place my trust in Thee,
Who canst o'er all prevail.

And Thou Omnipotent! who sees
The lily in the field,
And from each rude tempestuous breeze,
Who deigns that lily shield.

Oh! teach me never to disdain
The tears of sad distress;
And make me think all pow'r is vain,
Except the pow'r to bliss.

When others bow beneath the taints,
Or conscious blush of shame,
Then may I ne'er, with foolish vaunts,
My own good deeds proclaim.

To Thee, the Author of all good,
The praise alone is due,
If e'er temptation is withstood,
Or if to virtue true.

But, in thy fight, alas! how frail
Must e'en the best appear;
If mercy did not still prevail,
I should have all to fear.

So to thy goodness all divine,
Let me commend my foul;
Oh! make the path of virtue mine;
My wand'ring steps controul.

And e'er each day's revolving fun
To worldly cares be given,
May my heart say, Thy will be done,
O Lord, as 'tis in heaven.

TO THE SHEPHERD OF GLEN.

O'ER rocky mountains, desert glens,
Yon shepherd takes his lonely path ;
He neither rapt'rous pleasure kens,
Nor sorrows hath.

The dreary hill, the gloomy sky,
The roaring torrent, white with foam,
Give but th' idea to his eye
Of native home.

Yon child of Nature's, wildly rude,
Inur'd to all inclement weather ;
A plaid his raiment, coarse his food ;
His bed some heather.

He asks no trees to shade his stream,
Nor aught to charm his eye ;
Refinements these, whose polish'd dream
Ne'er made him sigh.

He views alike the Summer's fun,
Alike the Winter's shower ;
And only says, when day is done,
My toil is o'er.

Then in his lowly roof'd abode,
Enjoys the soundest sleep :
No weeping eyes his rest corrode,
Nor vigils keep.

As in some moss-clad hill he lies,
I view his peaceful state ;
A tear, in vain suppress'd, will rise
To mourn my fate.

Yet all his share of happiness
From rustic ign'rance flows ;
Refinement would but make it less,
Experience knows.

Happy thou art! then happy be,
Nor envy me my lot:
Thy ignorance I envy thee,
And peaceful cot.

S O N G.

WITH dazzling ardour when inflam'd,
All the delights which fancy fram'd
Appear'd within my reach to grow,
The future, then, still met my eye,
Robed in youth's fairest imagery :
But ah ! how soon it chang'd to woe.

My eyes were strangers then to tears,
My breast unknown to all those fears
Which teach us soon to dread the morrow ;
The smiling hours were ever bright ;
Of Time I never mark'd the flight :
But Fancy now is lost in sorrow.

S O N G.

NOR slighted Love, nor Reason's skill,
Can make soft peace to me return :
Yet to obey thy cruel will,
Thou never more shalt hear me mourn.

In secret I'll indulge my woes,
And yield to Love's all conqu'ring flame ;
But never shall my lips disclose
Th' involuntary fault you blame.

Then let me still thy charms behold,
Still let me view thy angel face ;
For all that's been of Beauty told,
Thy matchless form does sure disgrace.

But if t' admire incurs thy hate,
Then all alike thou'lt deem thy foe ;
Then shall I share the common fate,
And thou wilt drown the world in woe.

E

S O N G.

OR,

DI BACCO SON SEGUACE.

Chorus.

Sound the lyre in mirthful strain ;

Let music fill the air ;

The nectar draught of Bacchus drain :

Drink deep, and banish care.

IN melting notes of softest measure,

Touch the silver sounding wire,

And, Cupid, give, to crown all pleasure,

Some sparks of thy celestial fire.

Vain mortals, leave each busy care,

This is the hour of gay delight ;

Come, the Lethean goblet share,

And join to revel out the night.

Ah! grasp the fleeting hours of joy,
Nor heed whate'er the world may say;
Time will, too soon, each bliss destroy:
Then catch them ere it flies away.

Still crown thy days with full content,
Unmindful of the cens'ring throng;
So shall thy life in joy be spent,
All pleasures to content belong.

And see it sparkles in the bowl,
Whose purple juice, each joy can give,
Which warms to mirth the frozen soul,
And, drown'd in it, 'tis then we live.

Chorus.

Sound the lyre in mirthful strain, &c.

ON BEING ACCUSED OF LEVITY AND INSENSIBILITY.

AH me ! full deeply do I know to grieve
The various ills that life molest ;
My heart's too ready to receive
Feeling, that sweet, though dang'rous guest.

When scenes where dissipation reigns,
Cease to engage each nat'ral thought ;
Thoughts which no worldly rule constrains,
I loathe all joys which gold e'er bought.

I then, with sighs, despise each tale,
That once I try'd to think was sweet ;
Then nought do courtly scenes avail,
For nature speaks in this retreat.

The gawdy crowd, the midnight ball,
I wonder that I ever fought ;
But woods, and lawns, and streams recal
Remembrances with anguish fraught.

Ah! then, far other thoughts ensue,
To rack my soul with jarring strife;
Each soft emotion, then, I rue,
And fly again to busy life.

Fly to Ambition's gilded car,
And own myself her willing slave;
Fly from each rural pleasure far,
For sooner every storm I'd brave,

Than those which from regret will spring
Though reason tells me they are vain,
While all around conspires to bring
Incessant thought of endless pain.

For still in secret must I sigh,
For what I never can obtain;
Unceasing mourn, till mem'ry die,
That peace which I can ne'er regain.

ANSWER TO SOME STANZAS,

Beginning,

"TO THY ROCKS, STORMY LANNOW, ADIEU."

FROM these shores, how you flew with disdain,

From each scene which the past might retrace,
From a heart still replete with Affection's fond pain,
Which thy scorn could not even efface.

But I speak of the days that are gone,

'Tis a folly I'll try to subdue ;

And what reason would never have done,

Perchance may be taught me by you :

To bid love an eternal adieu.

It is true I had every fear ;

For I lov'd to the utmost excess ;

Yet, whilst I believ'd you sincere,

I wish'd not my passion were less.

My heart was Sincerity's self ;

But alas ! on a bosom so true,

Thy feigning with ease could impose :

By myself I too fondly judg'd you,

Who to love had for e'er bade adieu.

But say not that I could impart
A charm, which all gloom might dispel,
Nor talk of the hopes of your heart,
Which only just blossom'd and fell.
Those pangs and that pleasure were mine,
That pleasure which transiently flew :
But the pain will for ever remain
In my heart, which is tender and true,
E'en when I have bade love adieu.

When I thought myself blest'd with your love,
Then no threats nor misfortunes I fear'd,
And each hour as it fled, seem'd to prove,
That by time thou wert only endear'd.
But now the illusion is o'er,
And those hopes that luxuriantly grew
Are flaccid, and drooping, or dead ;
Ah ! who can their vigour renew ?
Now you've bade love a final adieu.

Yes, I see yon sea-fowl as it flies

O'er the waves, while they furiously roll ;

Now it droops, and now struggles to rise :

'Tis an emblem of my troubled soul.

Through an ocean of sorrow I seek

An asylum from Love and from you ;

For my heart must either conquer or break :

But the olive of peace is in view,

Love, take my last sigh, my adieu.

STANZAS TO THE MOON,

WRITTEN THE LAST EVENING OF THE YEAR 1795.

SAY, beauteous orb, who to a lover's woe

So oft hast lent sweet visionary blifs ;

Say, wilt thou now on me that boon bestow,

And deign to hear an artless lay like this ?

Oft have congenial hearts, though distant far,

Exchang'd fond wishes in thy love-fraught beams ;

For thought of time and space o'erleaps each bar,

And Misery finds relief in Fancy's dreams.

Oft-times thy silver shedding rays among,

In sweet illusion kindred souls have join'd,

When tender Sympathy's enchanting tongue

Speaks the fond language of the mutual mind.

As on thy soft'ning light, serenely bright,

I've frequent gaz'd, while thought engender'd thought,

My soul to purer regions wing'd its flight,

And long lost Peace in calm devotion sought.

Ah ! who can paint th' ideas which arise,
As polish'd minds thy gentle radiance view,
When gliding calmly through unclouded skies,
Thy trembling rays illume the glitt'ring dew ?

Or piercing through some forest's sombre gloom,
Beam faintly o'er the leaves of varied dye ;
Or glimmering sweetly on some rustic tomb,
Call from the tender moralist a sigh.

Then do I love in lonely scenes to stray,
Where I may chance my pensive muse to meet,
And joy t' explore some yet untrodden way,
While Fancy charms me with her converse sweet.

'Tis then I can enjoy existence best ;
Each grosser passion of the mortal frame,
By ev'ning's tranquil soothing lull'd to rest,
Leaves the pure soul its kindred heaven to claim.

For Cynthia, when thy sweet rays mildly shine,
When thought-inspiring stillness reigns around
'Tis then thy tranquil charms, serene, divine,
Have calm'd the anguish of my bosom's wound;

Have taught me then to breathe no murm'ring plaints,
But grateful be for what kind Heaven bestows :
'Tis Discontent Enjoyment's blossom taints,
And blights each bud of joy ere yet it blows.

But to suppress the tributary tear
Which Mem'ry pays to dear departed bliss,
I ne'er shall learn such fortitude I fear,
And Virtue's self can't deem the fear amiss.

For now, alas ! with alter'd eyes I see,
And e'en thy beams have lost their wonted power,
Dark, dread suspense dwells, Cynthia, even in thee,
Adding fresh pangs to ev'ry mournful hour.

F ij

Ah ! whilst I view thy charms, Night's lovely queen,
How my heart counts each fond remembrance o'er,
And swells to bursting, as it paints each scene,
Which now is past, and may return no more.

Yet lurking Hope still hangs about my soul,
Still kindly flatters with her Syren voice ;
A voice which can Despair's fell powers controul,
And bid the drooping heart again rejoice.

Whilst I behold thee, Cynthia, chafly shine,
Ev'n now, perhaps my soul's lov'd idol shares
The nameless pangs which even with Hope entwine
The tender wishes and the anxious cares.

Delightful thought ! thou canst bestow relief,
And harmonize Suspicion's jarring chord,
Which vibrates harshly to the touch of grief,
And gives more anguish than it e'er can ward.

O thou fair silver orb ! who oft hast heard
The thousand secret constant vows I've made,
And known the prayers for him to Heaven I've rear'd,
Say, can such truth by falsehood be repaid ?

Ere from the Morning's sun thy charms ye veil,
And bid the parting year a long adieu ;
Let fond luxurious Grief past joys bewail,
And at thy silver shrine her rites renew.

Sad bodes my wistful heart with many a tear,
Religion's flame burns feebly in my breast,
Quench'd is the holy flame by Misery's tear,
And chilling doubts my future hopes arrest.

Reliance droops, as dark'ning mists surround
Each ray of pleasure that was wont to shine,
With gloomy fancies now my thoughts abound,
And dread Suspense with all the rest combine.

Ere thou, mild orb, thy nightly course resume,
The morn shall usher in another year,
Pregnant to me, perhaps, with Sorrow's gloom :
For sick'ning Fancy paints the future drear.

Thou wilt return, in equal beauty shine ;
My heart, unalter'd, shall behold thee still ;
But not like thee, my dearest hopes decline,
To beam again. Ah ! no, they never will.

BOUTS RIMEES.

'TWOULD lull Attention's self to—sleep,
And make the drooping Muses—weep,
To see the trash with which we—fill
The road to fam'd Parnassus'—hill.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON READING HAMMOND'S ELEVENTH ELEGY.

AH! who than me with pang acuter feels
The various horrors which from war arise?
But oh! 'tis God, not man, that sorrow deals,
And in Affliction's school our virtue tries.

Ah! who than me more keenly knows to weep
The ills which gold, man's foe, unceasing rears?
For it, tho' hated and despis'd, I sleep
My sleepless couch with Sorrow's heartfelt tears.

But when I think that we are born to woe;
That life, and all its dreams, are quickly o'er;
Then would my soul each earthly care forego,
And wing its flight where they can pain no more.

Yet not in gelid apathy enshrin'd,
Does my fond heart 'gainst feeling proudly strive:
For round it Love has all his chains entwin'd,
And every nerve is tremblingly alive.

But still methinks the wishes of my heart
Would never be a life of slothful shame ;
Glory with love should ever have a part,
And all my glory be my lover's fame.

The thirst of honour, not the thirst of gain,
Should dwell within my chosen hero's breast ;
Nor even one wish my fearful bosom stain,
To barter glorious tears for shameful rest.

And when, if to my arms he should return,
Rich in fair honour, and in modest worth,
Tho' poor in gold, the dross I'd proudly spurn,
Yet find with him a paradise on earth.

Then would chaste Reason, with a ray serene,
E'en add fresh charms to those which Love can give,
Still with true pleasure paint life's changing scene,
And make our virtuous joys immortal live.

THE END.

10 JU 68



